



T H E
E A R L of P E M B R O K E S. S P E E C H
I N T H E
H O U S E of P E E R S,

When the Seven Lords were accused of High-Treason.

Copia vera, MIC. OLDSWORTH.

My Lords;



OU know I seldom make Speeches; yet (my *Lords*) every thing would live; and now I must either find a *Tongue*, or lose my *Head*. I am accus'd for *sitting here, when your Lordships fled to the Army*; Alas, my *Lords*, I am an old man, I must *sit*; you may ride or run any whither, but I am an old man. You voted them *Traytors who left the House, and went to York*; they told us then they were *forc'd away by Tumults*: Do not You say so too? were they *Traytors for going*, and am I a *Traytor for staying*? 'sDeath (my *Lords*) what would you have me do? hereafter I'll neither *go nor stay*. I have served you 7 years, what have you given me, unless part of a *Thanksgiving Dinner*, for which you made me *fast* once a Month? I was fed like a Prince at the KING's cost, twice every day, (long before some of you were born) and this KING continued, nay, out-did his *Father* in heaping favours upon me: Yet (for your sakes) I renounc'd my Master when he had most need of me; *voted* against him, *swore* against him, *hired men to fight* against him: I confess, I my self never *struck* at him, nor *shot* at him; but I prayed for those that did: I gave my *Tenants* their *Leases Fine-free*, if they would *rise and resist the KING*. And yet (my *Lords*) after all this, must I be a *Traytor*? Have I not *sworn* for you over and over again? You sent me on your *Errands* to *Oxford*, to *Uxbridge*, to *Newcastle*, to *Holdenby*; you hurried me up and down as if I had been a *King*: You made me carry a world of *Propositions*, I brought them all safe and sound; what you bid me say,

I spake to a syllable; and had the KING ask'd me how old I was, without your Commission I should not have told him, and yet (my Lords) I am an old man. Remember how I stuck to you against *Strafford* and *Canterbury*; some of you shrunk at *Strafford's* Tryal, that your Names were like to be *posted* with *Malignants*; and for *Canterbury*, many of you would have had him *live*, my Lord of *Northumberland* and others would have no hand in his Blood, but I gave you the *casting voice*, which sent him packing into another World; and yet now would you send me after him? Have I not sate with you early and late? When the *Parliament* tumbled, and tossed, and rolled it self, on this side, and on that side, still I was for the *Parliament*; though I staid here with *Presbyterian Lords*, yet when you return'd I was firm for you. All the other Lords left you in the *House* when *Sir Thomas's* Chaplain gave thanks for your return; but I staid and pray'd with you, and am (for ought I know) as great an Independent as any of you all. I rejoyced with you, fasted, sung *Psalms*, prayed with you, and (hereafter) will run away with ye. Nay, I had done it now, but who knew your minds? If ye meant I should follow ye, why did ye not wink upon me? Think ye I could run away by *instinct*? My Lords, you know I love Dogs, and (though I say it) I thank God I have as good Dogs as any man in *England*; now (my Lords) if a Dog follow me when I do not call him I bid him be gone; if I call him and he comes not, then I beat him; but if I beat him for not coming when I never call'd him, you'll think me mad; 's Death (my Lords) 'Tis a poor Dog is not worth the whistling.

But perhaps my fault is not meer *staying here*, but being *active* in your absence, because in my Robes and Collar of SS. I brought up Mr. *Pelham* the Commons new *Speaker*; why, what if I did; Is not Mr. *Pelham* my own Cousin? would your Lordships have me uncivil to my kindred? why might not I entertain the new *Speaker* as well as *Sir Robert Harley* intreat us to admit him? Mr. *Pelham* is none of *Sir Robert's* Cousin, and yet *Sir Robert* is an old man.

I hear some say, that I was forward to begin a new War, that my Hand is to all the Warrants for listing Men and Horse; and in order thereunto I voted His Majesty should come to London. 'Tis true (my Lords) I did give my Vote for the KING's coming hither; but wherefore was it? 'twas onely to come to chuse a new *Speaker*: what would ye have us dumb, and sit here like *Ferrets*? My Lords, I love to hear men speak; and all the Lawyers told me, No King, no *Speaker*; that either the Commons must name their *Speaker*, and the KING approve him; or the KING name him, and the Commons approve him; no King, no *Speaker*. And so I was for the King, that is, for the *Speaker*.

Then (my Lords) observe the manner of his coming: the KING was to come according to the *Covenant*; mark ye that; I was still for my Oaths: let him come when he will, if the *Covenant* fetch him, he had as good stay away. And yet men cry shame on the *Covenant*; those that took it do cast it up again; and those that refuse it have given a world of Arguments that it is unreasonable; which reasons our Assembly (like a Company of Rascals) never yet answer'd. I know (my Lords) many of our Friends never took this Oath, but they refus'd it out of meer Conscience; shall *Malignants* Consciences be as tender as ours? why, what do they think our Consciences are made of? But (my Lords) suppose this Oath be unreasonable; can we do nothing but we must give reason
for

for it ; this is as bad as the House of *Commons*, who when we deny to pass any Ordinance, presently send to know our *reasons*, though themselves give no *reasons* for demanding *ours*. And so Malignants would have *reasonable* Oaths; only here's the difference, the House of *Commons* do use to demand *Reasons*, and Malignants desire to be suffer'd to give *Reasons*. My Lords, I love not this giving of *reasons*, though I hold the *Covenant* is extreme reasonable; for as some Malignants *take* it to *save* their *estates*, so we *give* it to make them *lose* their *estates*, both *love* the *estate*, and both hate the *Covenant*. Thus (*my Lords*) we have *Reason* for this Oath, and Your Lordships have *No Reason* to make me a *Traytor* while I give my Vote according to the *Covenant*.

As for *signing Warrants to raise a New War*, I wonder you'll speak of it; have not you all done it a hundred times? how many Reams of Paper have we subscrib'd to raise Forces for *King and Parliament*? 'Tis known I can scarce write a word besides my Name: Cannot a Man write his own Name without losing his Head? If I must give account for what I set my hand to, Lord have mercy upon me! I see now my Grandfather was a wise Man, he could neither write nor read, and happy for me if I were so too. Come, come my Lords, be plain and tell me, do I look like one that would *raise a New War*? I must confess I love a good Army, but if there be none till I raise it, *Soldiers of Fortune* may change their Names. No, (*my Lords*) 'twas not I, 'twas the *Eleven Members* would have rais'd a War; you see they were guilty by their running away, I neither ran with *them*, nor with *you*, I do not like this *running away*, I love to *stay* by it; and whether was for *War*, I that stay'd in *Town*, or You that went to an *Army*? The Devil of Horse did I lift but in my New Coach, nor used any Harnes but my Collar of S-S. And will you for this clap me in the *Tower*? You sent me thither six years since for but handling a *Standish*, and now you'll commit me for *writing my Name*; what (*my Lords*) do you hate Learning? Can you not *end* or *begin* a *Parliament* without sending me to the *Tower*? Do your Lordships mean to make me a Lord Mayor? If I needs must go, I pray you, send me home, to *Bynars's Castle* or *Durham House*, (a damnable Fire burnt my House at *Wilton*, just that hour I mov'd Your Lordships to drive Malignants out of *London*.) But why to the *Tower*? am I company for *Lyons*? do you think me a *Cattamountain*, fit to be shown through a Grate for two pence? No, *my Lords*, keep the *Tower* for *Malignants*, they can endure it, some of them have been Prisoners 7 years; they can feed upon bare *Allegiance*, please themselves with Discourses of *Conscience*, of *Honour*, of a *Righteous Cause*, and I know not what: But what's this to me? How will those Malignants look upon me? nay, how shall I look upon *them*? I confess some of them love my *Son's* company, they say he's more a *Gentleman*, and has wit: 'sDeath (*my Lords*) must I now turn *Gentleman*? I thought I had been a *Peer* of the *Realm*, and am I now a *Gentleman*? Let my *Son* keep his *Wit*, his poor *Father* ne're got two pence by his *Wit*. Alas, (*my Lords*) what hurt can I do you? Or what good will it do you to have my Head? I am but a *Ward*, my Lord *Say* hath dispos'd of me these seven years; I am no *Lawyer*, though the *Littletons* call me *Cousin*; I am no *Scholar*, though I have been their *Chancellour*; I am no *States-man*, though I was a *Privy-Counsellour*; I know not what you mean by the *Three Estates*. Last *June* the *Army* demanded a *Release* for *Lilburne*, *Musgrove*, and *Overton*, I thought *They* were the *Three Estates*. I thank God I have

have a good Estate of my own, and I have the Estates of my Lord *Bayning's* Children, and I have my Lord of *Carnarvan's* Estate; these are my *Three Estates*. And yet (my *Lords*) must I to the *Tower*? Consider we are but a few *Lords* left, come, let's love, and be kind to one another: The *Cavaliers* quarrell'd among themselves, beat one another, and lost all. Let Us be wiser, my *Lords*; for had we fallen into their condition, my Conscience tells me we had look'd most woefully.

I perceive Your *Lordships* begin to think better of me, and I hear you would quit me if I were not charg'd by the *Agitators* and *General Council of the Army*. How? *Agitator's* Death, what's that? Who ever heard that word before? I understand *Classical*, *Provincial*, *Congregational*, *National*, but for *Agitator*, it may (for ought I know) be a Knave not worth three pence: If *Agitators* cut Noble-men's throats, you'll find the *Devil* has been an *Agitator*. As for the *General Council*, I hate the Name of it, 'tis old and naught, and us'd to be full of *Bishops*; those fellows have troubled us ever since the *Apostles*; I thought we had made 'em poor enough, and is their Name come again to torment me? My *Lords*, I understand not these *General Councils*, those of old (they say) were *Christians*, and these are *Independents*: What a damnable deal of *Generalling* is here! *General Assembly*, *General of the Army*, *General Council of the Army*; we never had quiet hour since we had so many *Generals*. Well, my *Lords*, these are hard times, and we make them worse with hard words, which neither we, nor our Fathers understood. Heretofore *Bishops* went *Jure Divino*, then *Elders* would be *Jure Divino*, and now *Agitators* will be *Jure Divino* (Dam me, I think nothing is *Jure Divino* but God.) Call you this a *through Reformation*? what betwixt the *Assembliers* and the *Agitators* I am reform'd to meer skin and bone. My *Lords*, if these 'tators must rule the Kingdom, why are not we our selves *Agitators*? why may not I make *Oldsworth* an *Agitator*? His abilities and honesty are equal to most of 'em. But (for ought I see) *Agitators* will sooner be Earls of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, than we *Agitators*: for the *Parliament* leads the *People*, the *Army* leads the *Parliament*, Sir *Thomas* leads the *Army*, *Cromwel* leads Sir *Thomas*, *Ireton* leads *Cromwel*, *Agitators* will lead *Ireton*; whither the *Devil* shall we all be led at last?

My *Lords*, ye see I have spoke my mind; I hope every week some of your *Lordships* will do the like; and the *Commons* in this (though in nothing else) will follow the House of *Peers*.

But I have done, I have done, my *Lords*: Remember I beseech you I am an old man, I have been a Grandfather time out of mind, (for I was so when this *Parliament* began) and now must I be food for *Agitators*? O my *Lords*, I have used the King so ill, and He lov'd me so well; and I have serv'd you so well, and you use me so ill, that no man is sorry for me: Therefore my Request is, that you would not think of sending me to the *Tower*, 'till some body pities me.

F I N I S.